

Monday 20th February

From Denys

1. Zyloric
2. Metatone
3. Vitamin C fizzy orange
4. ~~Beta~~ Vitamin B Complex
5. Multiple Vitamin + minerals - Gerovital
6. Vitamin E

Wednesday 22nd Feb

Denys wrote a letter to Social Security (Waterside House) to say that my psychological ~~st~~ + ~~psychotic~~ and physical condition was due to their ~~withholding~~ withholding about 6 weeks of relief because of Sapia's visit and staying with me (this letter dictated to Jane and posted this morning will be in the files). I will now send Drooglever's notice to quit this apartment by March 27 because of chronic delays in payment of rent to them also. This money will

-) help pay $\frac{1}{2}$ months rent to Michael which he has overpaid. Michael is overburdened now having paid $1\frac{1}{2}$ months rent, promised to pay a dentist for me (the one of the best available in London - I was recommended mostly by my last Australian one) and a monthly sum with Jane to my bank to reduce overdraft. I too must send some of this money, when received, to the bank to further reduce my overdraft.
- Worked until 4 a.m. last night on MSS, tidying up my books and papers and

attending to my cassettes & cassette player
and wiring it up properly to socket
in front room — an extension was
needed & I had to search for the Bessie
Smith II cassette which I ruined for Ivan
by recording part of my session with
Ivan the Terrible on it. I must re-record
my bit & must borrow another cassette
player as well as headphones, so I can
work without disturbing Ivan & Jane.

David called last night with selected
water colours for my comments. I ~~told him~~
these were all ones that I had liked even ^{if it was the face of an elephant} ~~had~~
borrowing one for a few weeks to look at ^{me} ~~me~~ ^{as I brooded on the edge of the bed doing}
my yoga of cigarettes & cans of beer garden
the little bedside table of Lady Hare from of
Cheyne Gardens with damp Kleenex, dropped
& tips I ~~that~~ have ^{constant} use for the past
few years to stop the itching in my ears, ~~and~~ ^{or}
pennies, tenpennies and even 50p. pieces
accidentally ~~swept~~ swept off its 1½ sq. ft. of
surface mixed with it to make a palette
of desolation, silence and ~~and~~ an itching
hope that things would work out.....

David is very dedicated and earnest and he
took down notes on pages of this very notebook
I am writing on now as I talked, though
I was dead tired by now. I told him that all
these paintings were saleable accidents. He had

not yet found a vocabulary of his own that people would immediately recognize for his signature. There were his romantic, glowing horses in landscapes ~~that~~ of his ^{first} earliest period, decided by Chinese images which followed one trend of his thoughts, but they were ^{too} fine and magical and enigmatic, a few tentative and uncertain. He needed a strong, clear-cut statement with the flow and precision of Chinese calligraphy. I've always urged him to study Chinese calligraphy, which I also have studied. ~~and~~ He has bought Chiang Yee's book. I was delighted to hear that today he will be having his first lesson from a Chinese calligrapher couple - the husband came to London to study at the Slade which again sounded very good. I was disappointed when David did not go to Hong-Kong where he had the chance last year. He could have learned some thing of his own traditions in art. It was a choice between a visit to his mother in Canada + a visit to Hong Kong. Pity he could not have done both.

David's fugue of horses that he had brought along lacked definition so that I mistook the fall scene, two horses in the background of for industrial twisted girders. I pointed this out & he said that he had become so impatient when he couldn't get the horses right that he messed them up and ~~the~~ the monochrome watercolor did look all right although all of it had not been intentional. He said he was aware

the highest art form in China. ^{accidents.}

that his successful pictures were just sheer ~~luck~~.
He was most dissatisfied with this situation
although he continued to sell his doodlings
to private collectors and at his open-air "pitch"
in Bayswater Rd for which he paid an annual
rent to the Borough Council.

This watercolour could not be re-worked,
naturally, because of the medium.

You must learn more control over your
brush — like the calligraphers — I kept
drumming into him, as usual. I have
often wondered ^{whether} I did the right thing
lending him my books on Chinese calligraphy
and urging him to study them. He got
into a pickle over this and lately has
been asking me for addresses of teachers.
I ^{painting} ~~was~~ glad he had found this master of
calligraphy last month but still apprehensive
that I may have tampered with his
innate gifts for self-expression by
introducing him to calligraphy — and O, I
was so glad last night to hear that this
Chinese master ~~was~~ had come to London from
China to study at the Slade. David is on
the right track and I am not misleading
him, I ~~thought with a sense of relief~~.
think.

Book collector
stocking
rare
inscriptions?

Riftahia (Caroline's) drug.

Keith Sambrad

27 Trebovis Rd SW5

~~589~~ 589 8825

Indy's
daughter

Piana Meridiang

169 Fulham Rd.

X
Memoirs

1. That they have freedom to choose their life-partner is said to be an improvement in modern life - why? Is the little accidents that make people meet and make them red really real and good?
2. I hadn't realized, really, there was money in publishing until recently - Jane. Not even when WH Smith vans turned up with mineperces for copies of PL or the PL pamphlets.
3. It is the Oriental custom to reach for perfection of one self and for a ideal beyond one's reach and put down, then, a few words on paper in the hope they may be of possible use to others.

20 March 1971

I am startled I am starting a diary at last. The Lead-in for such Action, and belief in it, came to me this way... Last Night, as in the past, I wondered how £100 had passed through my hands in four days without my noticing it and without in any way altering my condition. I felt sick as usual (the last time was in Paris when I lost £100 and my ~~wallet~~ wallet and had shelter bitter and loving for many/winter months at George Whitman's Shakespeare and Co. when I had arrived to ~~work~~ start work on my London memoirs) and I set about itemising such extraordinary, and worse, outflow ~~of cash~~ from my pockets whenever I have ready ~~cash~~ cash. ^{Thus:} Result:

Taxi to aid Roger in Brixton

Prison.....£8.00 (long ~~wait~~ wait).

Dinner with Lala, Marcia

Fernandes and Kara at the

Hungry Horse.....£19.00

Hotel Bill to March 14.....£35.72

To Kara (flat-hunting).....£5.00

-----do-----£.00

To Riccy Fitzgerald (flat-

hunting..£10.00

Loan repaid to Ismael.....£ 2.00

R.Fitzgerald (deposit on flat £20.00

March 19

Lunch at Dino's.....£1.00

Toothpaste.....£0.50

TOTAL

£103.22

The revolving light

~~xx~~ only read a poet's signature don't realize this. The
^{rt} particular poem is the thing, is the message.

So, in desperation, I passed on to the psychedelically exploded, expanded George Andrews....

After an hour's wait for him at the Lincoln Hotel I walked out with Kara when the ^{metal} ~~liron~~ trelliswork curtains of the bar fell down and saw George who was obviously 'high' as a coot staggering down the pavement. He is high, he is high," we ~~laughed as/George/shutted down beside us like a~~ spare-limbed ~~xx~~ sandalled small feet, his ^{fat} ~~rump~~ out, with long-plumed, dark head, ~~spring~~ baldin at the top, cocked aimlessly to one side and ~~and tossing up and down as if hung on a spring.~~ staggeromg down the pavement. "He is high," we laughed as spare-limbed George strutted beside us, small sandalled feet, , fat rump stuck out and with long-plumed dark ~~xx~~ head balding on top coked aimlessly ^{to one} ~~one~~ side tossing up and down as if hung on a spring.

We lunched off pizza at La Pergola and taxied down to Fulham Edith Terrace between ~~Fulham~~ and King's Road /to view a garden apartment Kara had found. I didn't like the tumble-down Road and Kara had been overenthusiastic. ~~xx~~ I didn't think the place was worth 22 gns a week. However it was the best bargain we had yet found. Kara walked home while George and I taxied down to Bernard Stone's bookshop in ~~Kensighx~~ Kensington Church walk. It was 6 o' clock and we were late for his

Saturday winebibbing, poetasting, Edward Lucy-Smithed and
 and drunk~~en~~, rolling, mumbling John Wallered Saturday soirees.
 "I'd kiss you if you were on this side of the counter,"
 purred Eleanor between her customary dangling earrings and
 usual softgloved smile head perked to one side, behind Bernard
 Stone. Then as I talked to ~~the~~ bowlerhatted ~~Max~~ ~~White~~ and
 greyed Maytum White the floating snowflake from Fleet Street
 looking for a spot to settle on she walked over and kissed me
 I don't know for what. ^{And} Then as I wandered over as usual to
 say haloo johhnywaller ~~xxxxx~~ I saw she had pinned the huge
 cutting from The Guardian to a book case by the corner of my
at that moment probably fast asleep in Lake Forest, Ill.
 eye. I thought of gracious Kay ^{teasing} ~~and~~ Bernard Stone two
 really
 merry week-ends running. "Oh Bernard you/must put Tambi's
 photo up," she had said waving the great big prints she had
 ordered from The Guardian ^{under his petite nose.} Shy Bernard seemed to me to have
 paled although I can't tell the difference. But I did think he
 had paled. They were larger than Ezra Pound's, the largest
 his
 thing he had in/photogarden of overserious funny poets' heads.
 (Why does tiny Bernard like poets so much I had always wondered
 and imagined highbooted and ^{earringed} ~~earringed~~ Eleanor laying the
 red whip on Bernard's bare bottom as bigeyed and naked
 Edward Lucy Smith sat ~~watching fat and trembling~~ trembling on
 a stool in a corner). Bernard mumbled "Edward Lucy-Smith's..."
 and I had to explain to Kay that the thing he had up of me ^{on the wall}
 was by Edward and ~~our~~ Edward might feel hurt. (I have been
 friend
 told that along my old/~~xx~~ goldheaded and greying Robert Payne

Notes for Memoirs

21st - Jan 72

Injection: Pāentrovite intramuscularly
with massive doses of vit C.

Mimabasin Fonseca (son)
Short form: Vin, same address
as Dorra

Chapter: Manchester Sq

Mr Ridler & George Weidenfeld's hand

Photos

1. BBC with H'gaiio Chien
2. BBC with Orwell + Eliot

①

They thought I was odd. Why? They thought English was the preserve of Englishmen only. Besides, I was a non-conformist. They couldn't bear to see their tidy world so rudely disturbed. Unlike Comarassamy who was defeated by English snobbery I sliced through it like butter, unconsciously, instinctively.

I always worked alone. If only someone, like Kay, had bought me files! Or given me a home!

As a boy I had dreamed of hermitic existence in a hut in the jungle, growing my own food, venturing outside every six months. I had it in 9th Ave. I have it now.

Chapter: Buffie

1. She was selling a car at first in Paris when I knew her; years later ~~I heard~~ in my first weeks in England I heard from Martin she had been hogging my love-letters to her in London.

Chapter 8

George Orwell (A) Ceylon + Auntie.
① Eliot's letter to him (ask
Valerie Eliot)

- ② Party at Empson's for Chinese military mission
- ③ Our shared interest in "Comics".
- ④ His inferiority complex
- ⑤ Daily Express, Pubs, Traffic lights, Herbert Read.

Chapter 9 LOSSES

- ① Dylan
- ② British Eagle

Chapter 10

Elit & Read - Auden & After
Literary Politics of the Period New Statesman,
Times, Horizon

Chapter : Richard March

1. I do all work on Elton book. Show his name in.
2. Similarly I like to give every one else the pleasure of discovery when I already know a thing is good to establish a hearty interest.

Chapter : Dylan